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The Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY MARCH 16, 1915

16 PAGES.

One Halfpenny.

THE HORSE, LIKE THE SOLDIER, GETS USED TO WARFARE, AND IS QUITE CALM UNDER SHELL FIRE. G-11914 B



Naturally, horses are very frightened when they get their baptism of fire, but after a time they become as seasoned as the soldiers, and think nothing of it. These animals, which are tethered in a field, are as calm and as placid as though in their own stables

at home. And this despite the fact that a German shell is bursting overhead, while an armoured train, which is belching forth death, can be seen passing within a few feet of them.

THE BRICKS PROVED USEFUL. G-11914 B



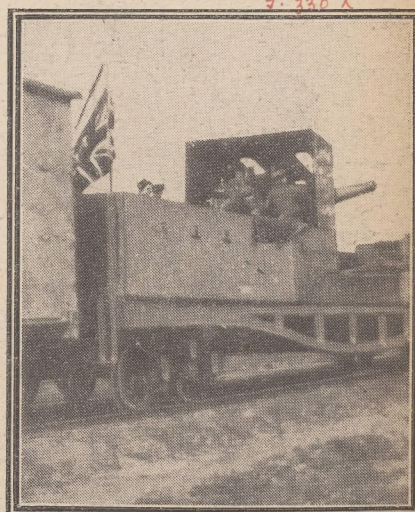
When the Germans destroyed a factory the French used the bricks to build an observation tower. The Kaiser's orders were to destroy all factories because French goods competed successfully with German shoddy.

IRON CROSS FOR NURSE. P-17116



This nurse, who is attached to Hindenburg's army in Poland, has had the Iron Cross bestowed upon her. She is a daughter of General Lonny von Versen.

A BRITISH ARMoured TRAIN. G-330 X



A British armoured train at the front. The Union Jack can be seen flying from one of the trucks. Though specially built, the trucks sway from side to side when the guns are fired.



By Appointment to
H.M. the Queen.



DERRY & TOMS

KENSINGTON-HIGH STREET LONDON: W

are featuring specially smart

Tailor Made & Gowns for Easter Wear

Never have our Salons presented such an interesting display of Models. We have been specially fortunate in securing from Paris the very latest creations of the leading experts. We are also showing many adaptations and originals of rare beauty and individuality

The following items serve to show the excellent values offered—a visit will reveal many others equally tempting.

84 / - Tailor-mades in finest quality West of England Covert Suiting in various Fawn and Dreadnought Grey Colourings. Cut on the most exclusive lines, adding grace and elegance to the figure. Has high military collar, epaulettes and cuffs studded with buttons of own material. Lined throughout with merv in various shot colourings. Altogether a very smart costume, conforming with the new military effects.

4 $\frac{1}{2}$ gns. Navy Costumes in finest quality Suiting Serge, lined rich silk. In this lot there are no two alike. Some make an instant appeal by their altogether unique designs, others possess that military air so much sought after at the moment. Many have the new circular skirt; others are of more moderate width; whilst all combine a variety of smart trimmings with charming individuality and perfect cut and finish.

69 / 6 Afternoon Gowns, suitable for young ladies' wear. Full blouse bodice with deep waist band and various trimmings of self-coloured silk. Lined throughout. The skirt is full and graceful. No two of this lot are alike, but all are made from the choicest French Silks. Some are of rich Tussores in exquisite shades and dainty floral designs; others are in extravagant quality Corduroy with quaint chintz designs.

49 / 11 Afternoon Gowns in rich quality Messaline Silk. The yoke and sleeves are of very handsome printed Ninon in a variety of exquisite colourings. The skirt is made with the full flare. The high military collar gives the final touch to an unusually charming dress, eminently suitable for either theatre or At Home wear. Astounding Value.

These goods cannot be sent on approval, but purchase money will be refunded if unsatisfactory.

To day's the day



heralding the birth of the brightest and cleverest of all illustrated topical weeklies—"The Passing Show."

Full of good things—The collated cartoons of the world's press.

Genial Satire. Nimble Wit. Shrewd comment. Each week a well-known front-rank man writes on vital things.

This feature alone will send "The Passing Show" to the front with a bound.

Get No. 1 To-day.

THE

PASSING SHOW

1st
weekly

On Sale by all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

TURKISH PRINCE STRANGLED.

P. 479 Y



Prince Burhan-ed-Din, favourite son of the deposed Turkish Sultan Abdul Hamid, who has been found strangled. He was credited with strong pro-German sympathies, so the report has considerable significance.

CLEANING UP AFTER HIS DINNER.

G. 331 E



After having dinner in a trench, the British soldier cleans his plate. He has had his meal in what, for war time, is luxury, as he had a chair to sit on, though there was, of course, no table.

BARONESS SHOT.

P. 198 H



Baroness Vaughan, King Leopold's morganatic wife, who has been shot. She was handling a revolver when it suddenly went off, injuring her slightly in the side.

FRENCH OFFICER BURIED BY THE SIDE OF HIS MEN.

G. 11914 B



Carrying the coffins of a French officer and three privates to their grave in the Champagne district. Death levels all ranks, and these four heroes, who gladly died for their fair country, now lie side by side in the same grave.

WOMAN GARDENER SAYS PLANTS CATCH INFLUENZA.

P. 17116 G

P. 17116 H



Demonstration by Miss Helen Colt.



She shows how to use the rake.

During her demonstration at the Botanic Gardens, Miss Helen Colt explained that plants caught a disease like influenza, which was infectious. Also that some plants had to be vaccinated.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

DEARER GAS FOR HOUSEHOLDERS.

Housewives Who Will Insist on Diners Being Punctual.

"LIGHTS OUT" EARLIER.

Gas is going to cost you more—a good deal more, in fact.

Yesterday the manager of the Gas Light and Coke Company, which serves practically the whole of London north of the Thames, told *The Daily Mirror* that his company had decided to raise the price of gas from 2s. 8d. to 3s. per 1,000 cubic feet.

Every customer of the company will to-day receive a notification of this increase. This advance makes gas 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet dearer than it was before the war.

The South Metropolitan Gas Company, which supplies South London with gas at 2s. 4d. per 1,000 cubic feet, has also decided on an increase in price, but the amount of the increase has not yet been notified.

The gas companies say the advance in price is due chiefly to the heavy increase in the freightage of coal and the increased cost of coal itself.

"BUT THERE IS SUMMER TO COME."

Naturally, Londoners, who consume something like fifty million thousands of cubic feet every year, are not at all to be blamed for this last increase is too bad," said one North London householder to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday.

"We use gas perhaps to an uncommonly great extent for a house of £32 rental value for all cooking and lighting purposes, and largely for heating also, so that our annual gas bill comes to something like £10.

"With the latest increase we shall be paying 2s. a year more than we did before the war, and what with the greatly increased cost of incandescent mantles we are seriously considering whether it would not be cheaper to have electricity for lighting, at any rate.

A working woman connected herself with the prospect of the coming summer months, with their longer days and shorter nights.

Housewives generally will be induced to exercise greater supervision over their servants' methods, so as to prevent the gas wastage.

Meals will be cooked absolutely to time-table in future, and those who are not at the dinner-table in time will have to have cold stores.

Boarding-house keepers and landlords will instruct their boarders and lodgers to "cut off" their gas earlier at night time.

WORDS AND AN APOLOGY.

Angry Scene in House of Commons During Welsh Church Bill Discussion.

An angry exchange of words between Sir A. Mond and Mr. Ormsby Gore marked the discussion in the House of Commons last night of the Welsh Church Postponement Bill, which was finally put off till after the adjournment.

The Prime Minister's amendment Mr. Ormsby Gore said the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself had agreed to the Bill, and he was a better Welshman than the member for Swansea. What had been done by the Welsh Army?

Sir A. Mond protested that the hon. member had no right to speak like that. He had devoted a great deal of time and money to the Welsh battalion. He did not like to speak of these things, but he would not have his honour insulted.

Mr. Ormsby Gore said he was perfectly willing to withdraw. He was under the impression. He also apologised to the hon. member.

Mr. Asquith said Mr. Ormsby Gore had made a manly apology, but it was most unfortunate in times like the present that any member, no matter what the provocation, should resort to personal attacks.

The Premier received yesterday evening in his room Sir Herbert Roberts and several other Welsh M.P.s to discuss the question of the Welsh Church Postponement Bill. It was stated that he again expressed his regret that by a misunderstanding the Welsh members had not been consulted during the recent negotiations. He urged that the compromise was such as might well be accepted in the interests of national unity by the strongest supporters of disestablishment.

After this meeting the Welsh Liberals held a conference, and at the close of it, it was announced that no decision had been reached.

MADMAN KILLS THREE SLEEPING MEN

Dramatic details of the killing of three ship's officers of the steamer *Cardigan* (Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co.) by a mad Chinaman a few weeks ago have been received at Jarrow.

While the vessel was in the Persian Gulf the Chinese messroom attendant suddenly went mad, and after stabbing the chief cook with a big fork, seized a large galley knife and, rushing aft, stabbed James Lowes, fourth engineer, of Jarrow; John Forster, wireless operator, of Chester-le-Street, and also the third engineer, while they were asleep.

The demented youth then shot himself with a revolver belonging to one of the engineers, and afterwards, jumping overboard, was drowned.

LORD KITCHENER'S GREAT APPEAL

Men at Home Who Can Allay 'Very Serious Anxiety' About Supply of War Material.

SUCCESSFUL BRITISH OFFENSIVE.

Lord Kitchener made a great appeal to employers and employed in his speech in the House of Lords yesterday, when he delivered an important statement on the war.

Speaking of the urgent need for more war munitions, he said:—

"The supply of war material at the present moment and for the next two months is causing me very serious anxiety.

"Notwithstanding the fact that armament firms had undertaken orders of vast magnitude and the efforts of the firms and the majority of the employees to meet the war requirements, the output did not fulfil expectations.

"I cannot too earnestly point out that, unless the whole nation works with us and for us, not only in supplying the manhood of the country with necessary arms, ammunition and equipment, successful operations in the various parts of the world in which we are engaged will be very seriously hampered and delayed.

Alluding to the successful British offensive, the War Minister said the Indian troops had fought with marked success, and the Canadian Division had showed their mettle.

HIGH PRAISE FOR INDIANS.

For many weeks, said Lord Kitchener, only trench fighting has been possible owing to the climatic conditions.

During this period of apparent inaction it must not be forgotten that our troops have had to exercise the utmost individual vigilance.

Prolonged warfare of this sort might be expected to affect the morale of an army, but the traditional qualities of patience, good temper and determination have maintained our men, though highly tried, in a condition ready to act with all the initiative and courage required when the need for an advance arrived.

The German troops, notwithstanding their carefully prepared and strongly entrenched positions, have been driven back for a considerable distance, and the villages of Neuve Chapelle and L'Esplanette have been captured and held by our Army, with heavy losses to the enemy.

In these operations our Indian troops took a prominent part and displayed fine fighting qualities.

NOTHING DAUNTED THEM.

Lord Kitchener read a telegram he had received from Sir John French:—

"Please transmit the following message to Viceroy of India. I am glad to be able to inform your Excellency that the Indian troops under General Sir James Willcocks fought with great gallantry and marked success in the capture of Neuve Chapelle and subsequent fighting which took place on the 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th of this month.

"The fighting was very severe and the losses heavy, but nothing daunted them. Their tenacity, courage and endurance were admirable and worthy of the best traditions of the soldiers of India."

Continuing, Lord Kitchener said: "I should like also to mention that the Canadian Division showed their mettle, and have received the warm commendation of Sir John French for the high spirit and bravery with which they have performed their part.

"Since I last spoke in this House substantial reinforcements have been sent to France.

"These are the first complete divisions of Territorial Force to go to France, where I am sure they will do credit to themselves and sustain the high reputation which the Territorials have already won for themselves there."

Referring to the operations against the Dardanelles, Lord Kitchener said that although at

the present stage he could not say more than what was given in the Press, their lordships might rest assured that the matter was well in hand.

"SERIOUSLY HAMPERED."

Turning to the question of the supply of war munitions, Lord Kitchener said that though manufacturers had been working at their highest possible pressure: "We have, unfortunately, found that the output is not only not equal to our necessities, but does not fulfil our expectations, for a very large number of our orders have not been completed by the dates on which they were promised. . . .

"The progress in equipping our new Armies, and also in supplying the necessary war material for our forces in the field has been seriously hampered by the failure to obtain sufficient labour and by delays in the production of the necessary plant, largely due to the enormous demands, not only of ourselves, but of our Allies expected.

"I am confident, however, that the seriousness of the position as regards our supplies has only to be mentioned and all concerned will agree to waive for the period of the war any of those restrictions which prevent in the very slightest degree our utilising all the labour available to the fullest extent that is possible.

"EVERY ROUND TELLS."

"I have heard rumours that the workmen in some factories have an idea that the war is going on so well that there is no necessity for them to work their hardest. I can only say that the supply of war material at the present moment and for the next two or three months is causing me very serious anxiety.

"I wish all those engaged in the manufacture and supply of these stores to realise that it is absolutely essential, not only that the arrears in the deliveries of our munitions of war should be wiped off, but that the output of every round of ammunition is of the utmost importance, and has a large influence on our operations in the field."

Dealing with the Bill to amend the Defence of the Realm Act in order to mobilise the engineering trade, Lord Kitchener said that:—

"Labour may very rightly ask that their patriotic work should not be used to inflate the profits of the directors and shareholders of the various great industrial and armament firms. "We are therefore arranging a system under which the important armament firms will come under Government control, and we hope that workmen who work regularly by keeping good time shall reap some of the benefits which the war automatically confers on these great companies."

"I am glad to be able to state that his Majesty has approved that where service in this great work of supplying the munitions of war has been thoroughly, loyally and continuously rendered the award of a medal will be granted on the successful termination of the war."

Later the Bill amending the Defence of the Realm Act was read a second time.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

For England, S.E.—Cloudy and misty at first, with slight rain in places. Finer later. Normal temperature.

NOT A COPY LEFT.

Newsagents' Answer to Late Demands for First "Sunday Pictorial."

ORDER NEXT NUMBER NOW.

"The particularly brilliant first number of our new contemporary, the *Sunday Pictorial*."

—*The Daily Mail*.

The demand for the first number of the *Sunday Pictorial* proves to have been even more extraordinary than was at first apparent.

Even yesterday wholesale newsagents in London and in various parts of the country were telegraphing and telephoning to the publishing office for further supplies.

Phenomenal as was the character of the demand for the paper in London, it was no less remarkable in Scotland and the North of England, and early in the day practically every agent had sold out.

The demand for the *Sunday Pictorial* in Manchester was astounding, and before the day was far advanced most of the agents were wiring for further supplies to be dispatched immediately.

People who had been spending the week-end in remote country districts and had neglected to order a copy of the new paper before their departure had sold out.

For the bookstalls at the railway termini sold out early on Sunday, and could get no further supplies for love nor money.

Profiting by their experience of last week's amazing demands, newsagents are ordering larger supplies for next Sunday, and there is every probability that immense as was last week's circulation, next Sunday's will be considerably larger.

Take no risk of being disappointed, and order the next number of the *Sunday Pictorial* from your newsagent now.



Lady Sibyl Grimston, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Verulam, who is to be married to-day to Captain the Hon. Alastair Fraser, 1st Lord Scots.—(Walter Baverstock).

parture, found on their return to town on Monday morning that no copies could be obtained.

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GIRLS AS MESSENGERS.

London boys will soon be holding protest meetings in Hyde Park if the sphere of labour is invaded any more by the feminine sex.

The latest industry to be invaded by girls is that of messenger, and no fewer than seven messenger girls are at present employed by the District Messenger and Theatre Ticket Company.

Yesterday *The Daily Mirror* arranged a test—a race, unknown to the competitors, between a girl and a boy messenger from the Sloane-square Glasgow Office and Theatre Ticket Office, in Boulevard-street. The times taken were:—

Boy messenger, twenty-seven minutes. Underground railway to the Temple Station. Walked rest of journey.

Girl messenger, thirty-five minutes. Motor-omnibus from Sloane-square to the Temple. Walked from there to Boulevard-street.

The race was, therefore, won by the boy by eight minutes.

WHY THEY WERE COLD.

That some few Germans interned in England have suffered from cold is admitted by Sir E. Grey, who, in correspondence with Dr. Page, the American Ambassador, on the treatment of German prisoners was published last night as a White-paper. But that, he shows, was their own fault.

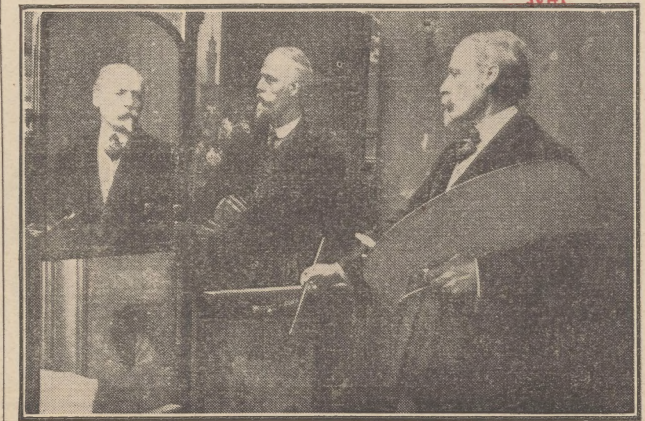
In ample supply of first-class clothing, he says, including overcoats, boots, shirts and underclothing, as well as towels, soap, etc., is kept in each camp, and is supplied free to those who need it. In several cases, however, aliens have gambled away the garments given to them, and have, accordingly, suffered from want of clothing until this has been supplied for a second time.

BARONESS VAUGHAN SHOT.

PARIS, March 15.—*The Journal* states that the Baroness Vaughan has met with an accident while handling a small revolver. The weapon suddenly went off, the bullet striking her on the side. Her condition is not very serious.—Reuter.

The Baroness Vaughan was the morganatic wife of the late King Leopold of Belgium, being married to him when he was lying ill in 1906. She has two sons, and King Leopold settled £1,000,000 on the elder boy.

Hot cross buns, the London master bakers have decided, are not to be discontinued.



Mr. Walter Crane, the well-known artist, who has died. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy when he was sixteen, and was mostly self-taught. He is seen painting his own portrait.

BRITISH CRUISEERS FINISH DRESDEN IN 5 MINUTES

German Sea Rover Caught by Three Warships Near Robinson Crusoe's Island in Pacific.

"NO SURRENDER" SHIP HOISTS WHITE FLAG

Enemy's Cruiser Wrapped in Flames, Takes Last Plunge After Explosion of Her Magazine.

NO BRITISH CASUALTIES—GERMAN CREW SAVED.

ADMIRALTY, March 15.

The Secretary of the Admiralty makes the following announcement:—

On March 14 at 9 a.m. H.M.S. Glasgow (Captain John Luce, R.N.), H.M. auxiliary cruiser Orama (Captain John R. Segrave, R.N.) and H.M.S. Kent (Captain John D. Allen, C.B., R.N.) caught the Dresden near Juan Fernandez Island.

An action ensued.

After five minutes' fighting the Dresden hauled down her colours and displayed the white flag.

She was much damaged and set on fire, and after she had been burning for some time her magazine exploded and she sank.

The crew were saved. Fifteen badly wounded Germans are being landed at Valparaiso. There were no British casualties and no damage to the ships.

7 MONTHS' ADVENTURES OF EMDEN'S SISTER.

"Dresden Will Fight to Last Man and Last Gun" Signal.

The Dresden, of course, was the sole survivor of Admiral von Spee's squadron, four ships of which—the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Leipzig and Nürnberg—were sunk off the Falkland Islands on December 8, 1914, by Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee's squadron.

On that occasion, owing to her superior speed and the fact that the Glasgow was busily engaged with the Leipzig, the Dresden, which was a considerable distance from her consorts, was able to get out of sight and escape.

"TWO A FAMOUS SIGNAL.

A week later the Dresden was refused permission to coal at Punta Arenas, but before leaving Chilean waters she signalled:—

"Farewell. Going to accept first challenge. Dresden will fight to last man and last gun. Will prove worthy of the Kaiser and the Fatherland."

The Dresden was the sister ship to the Emden and was completed in 1907.

A light cruiser, she had a normal displacement of 3,600 tons. She could steam 24½ knots, and was armed with ten 4.1-in. guns.

COMPLEMENT OF 361.

Her complement was 361 officers and men.

At the beginning of the war she escaped from the North Sea, and on August 16 was 180 miles off Pernambuco; on August 26 she was off Santa Maria Grande.

It was known that the Dresden had sunk one merchant ship at least in her career, for Lloyds on December 14 reported that the German steamer Thakotis arrived at Callao with the crew of the British steamer North Wales (3,691 tons) which had been sunk by the Dresden.

THE CHILI BATTLE.

The Dresden was also one of Von Spee's ships which engaged a squadron of Admiral Croke's squadron on November 1.

The loss of the Good Hope and Monmouth has thus been completely avenged.

MAN FRIDAY AND CRUSOE.

Romantic tales of the old buccaner are centred in Juan Fernandez, a small island in the South Pacific, which lies 400 miles west of Valparaiso, and is known as Robinson Crusoe's island.

Alexander Selkirk, a native of Scotland, was left on the shore there by the captain of the galley Cinque Ports in November, 1704, and he lived alone on the island for four years and four months until discovered by Captain Rogers, of the ship Duke.

From Selkirk's story of his life on the island, Dr. Foe is said to have derived his "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe" (not forgetting "Man Friday"), which was first published in 1719.

Alexander Selkirk, a native of Scotland, was left on the island with only a few bare necessities, and as a result became the hero for all time of boys' adventures.

SELKIRK'S LOOKOUT.

Selkirk's exile was by no means unbearable. After his rescue officers of H.M.S. Topaze erected a tablet at a point known as "Selkirk's Look out."

This was a gap in the rock, from which a magnificent view may be had of the whole island and the sea, over which the exile must have often eagerly watched for an approaching sail.

The island takes its name from that of its discoverer, a Spanish pilot who landed there in 1565. Fernandez stayed in the island for about ten years. Crusoe's few living companions in exile, it will be remembered, were goats.

PLAYED PART IN EACH ACT OF GREAT SEA DRAMA.

Captain Luce, Who Fought in Chile and Falkland Isles Battles, In at Dresden's Death.

Captain John Luce, of the Glasgow, has played a part in each of the three acts of the sea drama on which the destruction of the last surviving ship of Admiral von Spee's squadron has hung down the curtain.

His ship was present at the engagement off Chile, when outnumbered in ships and guns, we lost the Good Hope and the Monmouth.

The Glasgow escaped destruction, and Captain Luce was spared to take a hand in avenging the death of his comrades who went down with their battered ships.

He was present at the battle of the Falkland Isles, and was made a C.B. for the part he played in that action.

And now he has crowned his good fortune by assisting at the destruction of the Dresden.

GUNS DRESDEN HAD TO FACE.

The Kent, launched in 1903, is a cruiser of 3,900 tons, carrying fourteen 6-in. guns and nine twelve-pounders.

The Glasgow, a light cruiser of 4,800 tons, completed in 1911, carries two 6-in. and ten 4-in. guns.

Sister ship to the Emden, the Dresden, which dates from 1909, was armed with ten 4.1-in. guns.

WALKED WITH BROKEN NECK.

The news reached London last night that Benjamin Blackford, ex-coachman in the employ of Colonel Luce, father of the Glasgow's captain, had met with a fatal accident.

He was thrown off the box, and though his neck was broken got up and walked ten yards and then fell dead.

SAME FATE AS HER VICTIM.

A thrilling story of the last few days of pirate life enjoyed by the German cruiser Leipzig, just before she was sunk by Admiral Sturdee's squadron off the Falkland Islands, has just reached England via America.

Captain J. C. Eagles, of British Columbia, who was in command of the Drummuir, tells the story. He was passing to westward of the Falkland Islands bound for Plymouth, when the German armed liner Seydlitz was sighted. She signalled to the Drummuir, "Come up into the wind and lie by."

Presently the German cruiser Leipzig (called up by wireless from the Seydlitz) could be seen approaching at a rapid pace.

"PLEASE HAUL DOWN FLAG."

Eventually, when close to the Drummuir, the cruiser lowered a launch and a young lieutenant in service uniform, accompanied by two subordinates, boarded the collier.

Speaking in English the German lieutenant said that the commander sent his compliments, but "would the captain please show his papers and haul down his flag?"

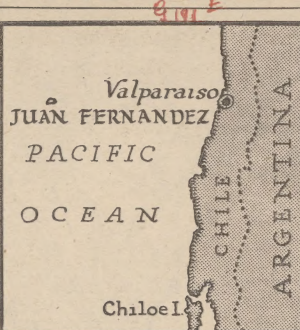
Captain Eagles showed his papers, but refused to strike his flag. The young officer smiled and quietly ordered one of his men to take it down.

It was not long before hundreds of German bluejackets were swarming over the sides of the Drummuir, and were soon at work carrying away coal, cutting down sails, and confiscating all the copper and any metals they could find.

Captain Eagles and his crew were then taken aboard the Seydlitz, to be landed at the nearest Argentine port.

As Captain Eagles was taking a last look at his old ship a shot from the Leipzig struck the rolling iron hull below the water-line. Another shot struck her and she slowly sank.

Within twenty-four hours the Leipzig herself was sunk, as all the world knows, by the pursuing shots of the British cruiser Glasgow.



Map showing the island of Juan Fernandez, off which the Dresden was sunk.

LOST VILLAGE RETAKEN BY BRITISH TROOPS.

Failure of Enemy's Counter-Attacks to Prevent Recapture of Trenches.

PARIS, March 15.—To-night's communiqué says:—

The day has been marked by numerous actions which have proceeded in our favour.

To the south of Ypres the British Army, which the German attack yesterday had compelled to fall back beyond St. Eloi, recaptured the village and almost the whole of the neighbouring trenches, in spite of several counter-attacks by the enemy.

To the north of Arras a very brilliant attack by our infantry enabled us to capture by a single effort three lines of the north-west spur of Perthes Dame de Lorette and to reach the edge of the plateau.

We captured 190 prisoners, destroyed two machine-guns and blew up an ammunition store. Further to the south we blew up several German trenches and prevented the enemy from reconstructing them.

TRENCH BLOWN UP.

In the region of Albert the Germans exploded a mine beneath one of our trenches and occupied the cavity. We drove them from it. They once more installed themselves there, but a fresh counter-attack enabled us to recover the position.

In Champagne we have made fresh progress. We gained ground in the woods to the north-east of Souain and to the north-west of Perthes. We repulsed two counter-attacks in front of the ridge No. 196, north-east of Mesnil, and extended our positions in that sector. We took prisoners and captured a trench mortar.

VAIN COUNTER-ATTACKS.

In the Argonne there has been very great activity since yesterday.

In the region of Bagetelle two enemy counter-attacks were repulsed.

We demolished a blockhouse, occupied the site and established ourselves there. Between the Four de Paris and Bolante the enemy attempted two fresh counter-attacks, which failed, like the three first ones.

At Vanquois our infantry delivered an attack which made it master of the western part of the village.

We made numerous prisoners.—Reuter.

RUSSIANS ADVANCE ALONG WHOLE POLISH FRONT.

Fighting All the Way, Tsar's Troops Beat Back German Hosts.

PETROGRAD, March 15.—The communiqué from the Russian General Headquarters Staff published here to-day says:—

On the whole front in the region of Przemyśl, from the Miawa railway to the Orze river and on the left bank of the latter, we have progressed, fighting all the way. German counter attacks have been everywhere repulsed. The guns of Ossowicz have put out of action several columns of heavy calibre installed within range of the fortress.

HILL ATTACKS REPULSED.

In the Carpathians, generally speaking, there is no change. Austrian attacks in the direction of Baligród and German attacks on Hill 962, near Kozłowa, have been repulsed.

In East Galicia our troops threw the enemy back in the region to the north of Obertyn. There has been an artillery duel at Przemyśl.—Reuter.

PETROGRAD, March 14.—The Tsar has arrived at the front.—Reuter.

HE DESERVED IT.

HAVRE, March 15.—The first bath of the year was a British soldier attached to the hospital, who was yesterday seen disporting himself in the sea at the popular seaside resort of Sainte Adresse. He received an ovation.—Reuter.

ALL HUNS' SUPPLIES TO BE STOPPED.

Text of British Order to Enforce Reprisals Against the Sea Pirates.

"UNQUESTIONABLE RIGHT."

The full text of the measures of reprisal which Great Britain is taking in reply to Germany's sea piracy was issued yesterday in a supplement to the London Gazette.

In order to prevent commodities of any kind from entering or leaving Germany it is provided that:—

(1) No merchant vessel which sailed from her port of departure after March 1, 1915, shall be allowed to proceed on her voyage to any German port.

(2) No merchant vessel which sailed from any German port after March 1, 1915, shall be allowed to proceed on her voyage with any goods on board laden at such port.

(3) Every merchant vessel which sailed from her port of departure after March 1, 1915, on her way to a port other than a German port, carrying goods with an enemy destination, or which are enemy property, may be required to discharge such goods in a British or allied port.

The order made by the King in Council at Buckingham Palace has been worded with every care and consideration for neutrals. The order gives neutral owners of cargoes the right to apply to the Prize Court for the return of the goods or for payment of their proceeds.

Finally, with the obvious intention of not interfering with the legitimate commerce of neutrals, the order makes this provision:—

"Nothing in this order shall prevent the relaxation of the provisions of this order in respect of the merchant vessels of any country which declare to the British authorities that they are originating in Germany or belonging to German subjects shall enjoy the protection of its flag."

RIGHT TO RETALIATE.

The Order opens with a repetition of the facts of German piracy—the destruction of ships irrespective of the safety for the lives of passengers and crew—and asserts an "unquestionable right of retaliation."

With regard to the decision to stop all ships proceeding to German ports, the Order makes the following provision regarding the cargoes:—

Unless the vessel receives a pass enabling her to proceed to some neutral or allied port to be named in the pass, goods on board any such vessel must be discharged in a British port and placed in the custody of the Marshal of the Prize Court. Goods so discharged, not being contraband of war, shall, if not requisitioned for the use of His Majesty, be restored by order of the Court, upon such terms as the Court may in the circumstances deem to be just to the persons entitled thereto.

Merchant ships which clear for neutral ports, but proceed to enemy ports, will be liable to condemnation if captured.

SON OF ABDUL HAMID STRANGLED IN HIS ROOM.

German Report That Allies' Troops are Advancing on Smyrna.

AMSTERDAM, March 15.—According to a Constantinople Telegram published by the Cologne Gazette, the favourite son of the ex-Sultan, Abdul Hamid, has been found strangled in his room.

The Tagblatt says the news refers to Prince Burhan-ed-Din.—Reuter.

The fact that Burhan-ed-Din was supposed to be pro-German in sympathy, lends special significance to the report of his removal.

There is so much talk to the identity of the murderer or murderers.

COPENHAGEN, March 16.—The Lokalanzeiger learns from Athens that the Vali of Smyrna has requested the population to be ready to leave the town in case of a bombardment by the Anglo-French fleet.

According to a later telegram, the Allies have successfully landed troops at several points. These troops are marching towards Smyrna.—Exchange.

SUBMARINE OFF DEAL.

An exciting experience that befel the crew of the Deal boat Kelly near the Goodwins was reported last night.

While waiting to land the pilots from two steamers which were expected to come into the Downs they heard a rumbling noise under the water.

Suddenly they were startled to see a German submarine come to the surface about twenty yards away.

William Hoile, the coxswain, says the submarine remained on the surface for about ten minutes, and then suddenly submerged.

The submarine was skirting the edge of the Goodwins, proceeding slowly in a westerly direction, and the men believe that the submarine had been hiding under the lee of the sands.

After the submarine disappeared the men rowed ashore and informed the coastguard.

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for
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to Reckitt & Sons, Ltd. (Dept. 112), Hull, giving your name and address and that of your Grocer, will bring you a free sample of SILVO, the new liquid polish for silver and plated ware of every description. SILVO will make your spoons, forks, &c., shine brilliantly without leaving any signs of taste or smell.

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saves silver. It cleans the silver thoroughly as well as polishing it, thus preventing the accumulation of stains which gradually eat into the delicate surface of plated and silver goods.

SILVO is sold in 3d. and 6d. tins by all Grocers, Ironmongers, Oilmen, Stores, etc. Send for a free sample and test it at our expense.

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Manufacturers of ROBIN STARCH,
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METAL POLISH, ZEBRA GRATE POLISH.

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VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

The Ideal family remedy. Contains no opium, morphine, paregoric, or other harmful drug. Cures at all ages.

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Veno's is the surest and speediest cure for these winter ills, the best protection against more serious dangers.

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Soon yield to Veno's—even Whooping cough. And there is no trouble in giving it, children simply love Veno's.

Other sizes 1/12 and 2/6, from chemists and stores everywhere. Refuse substitutes, they are not just as good as Veno's.

NEWS
ABOUT
COFFEE

CAMP
COFFEE

'CAMP' COFFEE

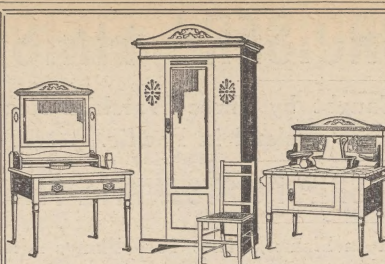
is the purest, best, and most pleasing coffee obtainable. There is absolutely no waste with 'Camp,' and its delicious fragrance and flavour never vary. It is the easiest of all coffees to make—just boiling water, milk and sugar to taste—and it's ready for you at a moment's notice.

Ask for 'Camp' at your Store and insist on having it.
Makers—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow.

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"gives
Strength for
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50 "	28/-	
100 "	45/-	
500 "	225/-	
1,000 "	450/-	

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Sheffield—101 and 103, The Moor.
Coventry—6-10, Burgess.
Wolverhampton—35, Dudley Street.

Stratford, E.—196-198, The Grove.
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Hackney, N.E.—231, Mare Street.
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Chiswick, W.—53, High Road.
Southend-on-Sea.—185-197, Broadway and Queen's Road.

Recommends it to Mothers

5, Belmont Gardens, Lawrence Avenue, Manor Park, Essex. 19/15.

To MESSRS. W. WOODWARD, LTD.

Dear Sirs,—Having seen many testimonials in the "Daily Mirror," of which I am a regular reader, of the babies to which your "Gripe Water" has been a benefit, I feel it my duty to let you know what a benefit it has been to me. My baby boy has had your wonderful "Gripe Water" since he was a fortnight old, and I have never had a restless night with him. During the usual painful time of vaccination I gave him the "Gripe Water" regularly, and he got through it without the slightest trouble whatever. He is cutting his teeth now, but I never know when they come through until I feel them, as he cuts them so easily, and it is all due to your "Gripe Water."

I feel I can safely recommend it to every mother who has babies to bring up. He weighed 13 lbs. 8 oz. at six months, and he is still far above the average weight at 7 months. Wishing you and your "Gripe Water" every success,—I remain, yours faithfully, Mrs. M. STRUMPTON.
P.S.—You can make what use you please of this letter, as I want every mother to know what splendid stuff it is.

WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER

Quickly relieves the pain and distress caused by the numerous familiar ailments of childhood.

INVALUABLE DURING TEETHING.

Of all Chemists and Stores. Price 1/1½.

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IN ANY CONDITION. HAVE YOU GOT ANY?

I will pay 6d. for each tooth pinned on vulcanite, 2/- each on silver, 3/- each on gold, 8/- each on platinum. Cash immediately. Satisfaction guaranteed, or teeth returned promptly. Do not be misled by higher advertised prices. Far better write for my Free Booklet, which explains very clearly the value of any False Teeth. Bankers: London and Midland, Ltd. (Estab. 1875).
L. LEWIS, 29, London St. (138a), Southampton, Lancs.

TO READERS.—On receipt of P.O. for 5/6 we will forward direct from the looms to your address one of our Prudential Real Seamless Half-Guinea Brussels Carpets, bordered, suitable for any room, in Turkey patterns and large enough to cover an ordinary sized room, with Free Rug, or we will send 2 Carpets and 2 Rugs for 10/6. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Satisfaction guaranteed or cash refunded. Illustrated Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, &c., post free. 1890/1915. Address: F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. D.L.R.) WOODSLEY ROAD, LEEDS.



Daily Mirror

TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1915.

A TYPICAL CASE.

MUCH OF THE PATRIOTISM that we hear discussed just now is supposed to be a highly-strung emotion, pitched for abnormal times—duly adapted to an emergency. Flaming placards and posters advertise us of the need for such Duty—Duty that in the end gets named heroism. And so indeed it may well be—Duty may be the motive impulse, in many humbly situated men—Duty persisted in may be heroic. Yet, to come near one of these humble efforts, surrounded by ordinary circumstances until just towards the end, is to feel, for the innumerable instances of it now visible, rather a friendly love than only that admiration we have for "heroes" who stand at a distance from humanity. This we conclude from a glimpse—no more—of Private C— and his entirely typical story in this war.

He joined, early in the war, after some argument with his employers about his mother, who "naturally could not live on nothing, now, could she?"—an elderly lady whose dissuaves were somehow insufficient for him. He wanted to be "in the scum," and one could not feel amazed at such a decision, seeing that his job involved many stuffy hours in a basement for a meagre sum weekly. Perhaps he joined to get away from that! Unexpectedly, the firm allowed him—or rather his mother—ten shillings.

During training, his complaints were fairly frequent, and related chiefly to food, lack of leave, and the conduct of the adjutant. Indignation seemed to be felt also against an officer who expressed scepticism concerning an excuse from one of the other fellows who wanted to get to town because his mother had died. The officer dared to doubt that mother, which was held to be "an insult." Had it happened to him, our recruit would have "floored the fellow," which would have been foolish, as we told him; and he accepted the correction. But this grievance about the other fellow's mother was soon replaced by another. His "lot" had not yet been moved to France. They appealed for justice. They had joined on that understanding—they were to go to France, not to hang about all the time at C—. The commanding officer told them they should go "when the time came." The time came three weeks later. He left grumbling that he had not left earlier. He had two stripes by then. Not long afterwards, he was shot near L—, in France.

We suppose that his imagination had never visualised the scene where (as we heard) he afterwards played a straightforward, unyielding part in a particularly hard tussle. He had merely regarded "the whole thing" as part of a programme accepted long ago, in September. No particular mention was made of him, and no thought will, after a few years, remain here of "the little bit" he did. And at no moment, in the process of his "doing" it, could you easily exclaim: "Ah, that was heroic!" You felt rather, as thousands feel and other thousands soon will feel, only a certain quiet admiration of the stolid, grumbling ease with which such men do things and finally give up all they can give. And if you want consolation you had better ask: "What have they to give up?" That is precisely it! He, and others like him, have prospectively a course of days spent in the other war we name industrial; days of inadequately remunerated toil; "sticking to it" for hours and hours called less "heroic" than those quickly lived in France. The other war would inevitably have done for him in time what this war more swiftly did for him; so we suppose that, had he foreseen all, his choice would have been the same. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The time for words has passed, and deeds alone suffice.—Whittier.

SOME REFLECTIONS IN MY MIRROR

St. Patrick's Day.

I AM told of a St. Patrick's Day dance that is being arranged for "young people and others" to-morrow at the Empress Rooms. Really the "Royal Borough" seems to be making a real effort to keep gay this spring. Great consternation prevailed in Kensington, however, when the order regarding the dancing clubs and the prohibition of the officers in uniform became publicly known last week.

Consternation.

A NUMBER of family parties had been arranged for this little jollification, which commences at nine and ends at two, and the promoter of the dance was deluged by letters

made and afternoon dresses. We have adopted a war tariff, and we keep our workshops going. But we are not making a profit."

Church Parade.

THE Park was, of course, crowded on Sunday at mid-day. People seemed to come out with the balmy air and sunshine, like the purple and gold and white crocuses that jewelled the grass everywhere.

Some Strollers.

I SAW the Duchess of Sutherland, wrapped in furs, strolling along near the Sunken Garden, and Priscilla Lady Annesley looking exceedingly handsome in dark velvet and black fox. Lady

DIVIDED LOVE.

What Is the Soldier's True Duty to Mother and to Wife?

MOTHER FIRST.

A MAN who is just off to the front must think first of his mother. She brought him up and taught him to be the straight chap he is. I may say that she made him fit to serve his country.

In such circumstances a fellow has no immediate right to contract new obligations in the money way—this is if his mother be dependent on him for support. Your readers have replied to this that "they can all live together."

Yes, I know well that sort of household. One of the two women has to win, and what usually happens is that the wife wins the first engagement and suppresses the mother, and that when matrimonial quarrels begin the husband goes back to his mother for advice, and both suppress the wife until she regains authority over the husband again. So it goes on—not a good thing for a man. But I suppose in some households it is better managed than in others I have seen. (Lance-Corpl.) F. M. Bedford.

TWO LOVES RECONCILED.

THE STORY is a very old one. A mother devoted her life to the welfare of her sons and when they marry, she is put aside until kiddies come along, and then it is usually "Grandma," who comes to everyone's assistance and smooths over difficulties. The old saying, "A son's a son until he gets a wife, but a daughter is a daughter all her life," is a very true one.

I know of a case in which the mother after the son married was entirely cut out of his new life. This was not only a great mistake, but very cruel. It is only natural that a mother should take an interest in the new life of one of her boys. It is an interest which is as natural and inevitable as birth and death.

In this particular case it very nearly destroyed the last interest in life the mother—a widow—and the son did not notice it, but fortunately the wife did. And, having a heart of gold, she used to ask the mother for advice about the likes and dislikes of her son, so that she might endeavour to take the place of the mother. The mother soon began to realise that her son's wife could look after her boy almost as well as she could herself, and she gradually slipped into the rôle of spectator of her son's life, without feeling that she was unwanted.

It is so easy for a son to take care of his mother and to consult her on his own affairs without being jealous of such attention. AN ONLOOKER.

IN MY GARDEN.

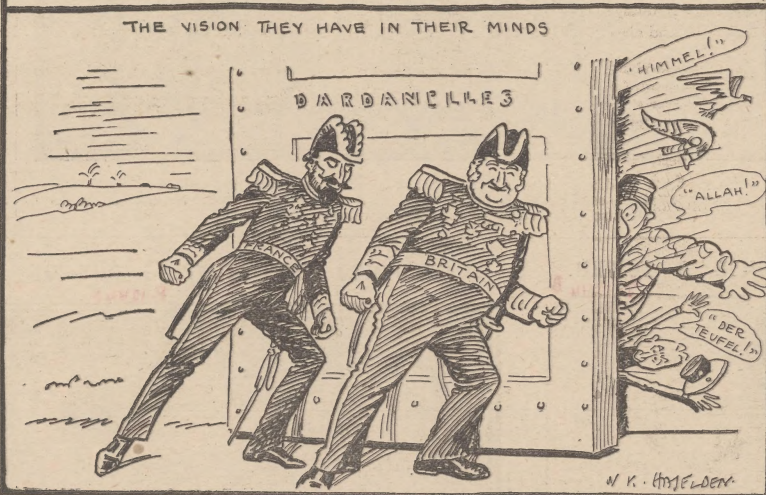
MARCH 15.—Carnations are not at all difficult to grow providing suitable soil can be given them. They often do extremely well in town gardens.

Carnations must be given a position in the full sunshine and the soil must be well drained. If the ground is very heavy, soot and sand should be dug in and the beds raised a little. E. F. Z.

THE OFFERING.

Sweet soul, which in the April of thy years So to enrich the heaven madst at poor this round, And now with golden rays of glory crowned Most blest abidst above the sphere of spheres; If heavenly laws, alas! have not thee long From looking to this globe that all appears, If ruth and pity there above be found, O deign to lend a look unto those tears. Do not disdain, dear ghost, this sacrifice, And though I raise not pillars to thy praise, Mine offerings take; let this for me suffice, My heart a living pyramid, a rising spire. And whilst King's tombs with laurels flourish green, Thine shall with myrtles and these flowers be seen. —WILLIAM DAVENANT (1649).

BIG AND LITTLE WILLIES' LATEST FEAR—



—that, with the forcing of the Dardanelles, will come for them one of the nastiest knocks they have received during the whole war.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

from young sub-lieutenants asking if it had been postponed.

All is Well.

TELEPHONIC communication being established between the War Office and the Royal borough, it was quickly discovered that the military authorities placed no ban on this cheery little social function, and so "The Wearing of the Green" will proceed merrily at Kensington to-morrow night.

The Fashion Market.

I MET the manageress of one of the best-known dressmaking firms in the world, a house with branches in London and New York, yesterday, and I asked her what had been the effect of the war. "Thanks to our foreign customers," she said, "we haven't suffered as much as we might have done. The Americans, especially, have been a godsend. And so our designers and workgirls have not been absolutely idle. Some of our Parisian customers have also given us orders, not so much from reasons of coquetry, as from generosity—to provide work for the staff."

No Soirées.

"OF course, we are not making 'costumes de soirée,' for there are no soirées. But we are being asked for sober, simple dresses, tailor-

Victor Paget in a smart tweed gown of the latest cut had a smart hat bristling with ospreys, and I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn looking pale and pretty with emrines huddled about her shoulders. She was in a motor-brougham, and had drawn up to the side of a pathway to talk to friends.

Working for "Tommy."

I WAS asked to tea at the Ladies' Park Club one afternoon last week, and when I arrived found my hostess deep in the industrial fervour of a "working party." A number of ladies were seated in one of the rooms, the windows of which overlooked the lovely reaches of the park at Knightsbridge. They were all busily engaged in constructing "Beatrice Wolsley" bed-jackets for wounded soldiers.

Lady Wolsley Pattern.

THESE garments, I was told, were made from a pattern invented by Lady Wolsley, who is hon. secretary of the club and its moving spirit. They are the acme of practical comfort and convenience, and should go down to fame labelled "Beatrice Wolsley" even as the "Florence Nightingales" are still worn and spoken of as sick rooms and hospitals.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

AN "INDIAN" IN THE GERMAN ARMY.

G. 11914 B



Though the dogs and cats which the Kaiser said he would arm have not yet appeared at the front, many of the animals from Hagenbeck's famous Zoo have been pressed into service, and the picture shows an elephant carrying wood. No wonder he looks unhappy. He comes from India, and naturally does not wish to help the Huns.

"THE BELGIANS COME"

G. 451 C



Belgian troops fighting in a village which has been frequently changed of the Yser, says the latest communiqué, and it must be in freeing their beloved country.

NEW ROLE

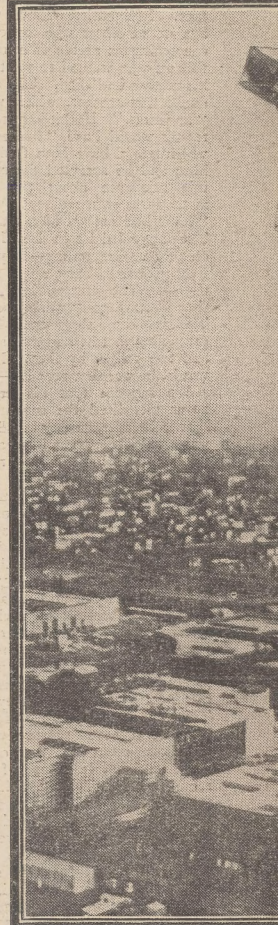
P. 4021 D



M. Henri Bernstein, the playwright, who was chauffeur to Mr. Lloyd George in France.

LOOPING AIRMAN

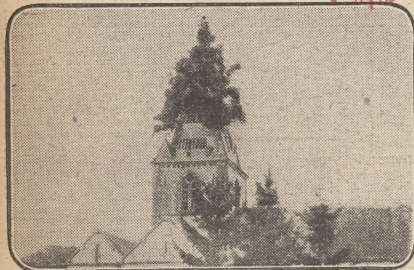
P. 3230 P.



Lincoln Beachey looping the loop and met his death. He fell 2,000ft. into the water. The por-

GERMANS DISGUISE A TOWER.

G. 11914 B



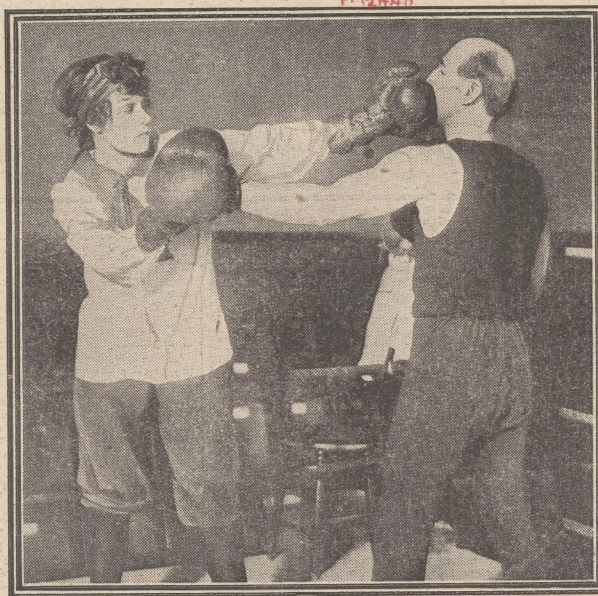
Church tower which the Germans used as an observation post. It was disguised, as shown, and in the distance looked just like a tree.



But the French afterwards took the village in which the church stood, and the men who were in the tower were made prisoners.

"SLUGGED THE STUFFING OUT OF HIM."

P. 1244 D



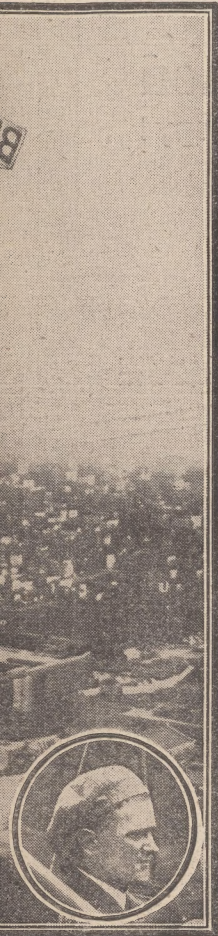
Caroline Bauman, an American girl boxer, who knocked out her trainer, Eddie Toy, in four rounds. Well, judging from all the accounts, would have no chance, as she "slugged, jabbed and banged the stuffing out of her opponent."

E TO PROGRESS."



ately. They are continuing to progress in the satisfaction to feel that they are doing their share and hated invader.

HIS DEATH.



Exposition, where he has just attempting to perform the daring airman.

PRINCE HENRY SHOULDERS A RIFLE.

P. 8680



The King's sons are setting a fine example. The Prince of Wales has been at the front for some time, and Prince Albert is in the Navy. Now Prince Henry, who is at Eton, has joined the Officers' Training Corps. The picture shows him marked with a cross. He is their Majesties' third boy, and will be fifteen this month.

TO WED.

P. 19116



Miss K. L. Kenway, who is to marry Major Speke, of the 9th Somersets, next month. (Val L'Estrange.)

SENDING SHAMROCK TO THE TRENCHES.

P. 845



No Irish soldier at the front will be without his sprig of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day. The Countess of Limerick is superintending the arrangements, and is seen here helping to pack the boxes.

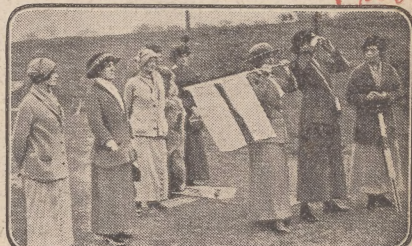
ROOF WOULD NOT SURRENDER.

P. 11914 B



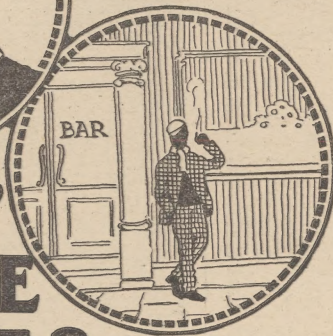
Though practically all its support was destroyed by shells, the roof remained in its original position. "No surrender" was its motto.

P. 7023



Women signallers at practice. They may be seen flag-wagging in Richmond Park every day. The corps has been formed to meet any emergency.

THE BOY



WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

That depends largely upon what you give him to read. Let him have plenty of good, healthy literature, with all the breathless excitement that the normal boy loves, but without the pernicious influence of the penny dreadful. Give him the

"BOY'S FRIEND"

Biggest Bumper Number Ever Published

with the magnificent Plate shown below **FREE** with every copy!

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The Rebels of Rookwood; rollicking School Story,
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Great Cash
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Plate measures
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The BOY'S FRIEND

Now on Sale



RICHARD CHATTERTON, M.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.



"A laggard in love and a laggard in war, What did they give him his manhood for?"

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, an easy-going young fellow who has allowed himself to become slack.

SONIA MARKHAM, a charming girl who abominates cowdiness in any form.

LADY MERRIAM, a good-natured soul, who manages introductions into society.

FRANCIS MONTAGUE, Chatterton's rival for Sonia. He limps through an accident.

RICHARD CHATTERTON is dozing in his club-room. He is not really a slacker at heart, but he badly wants rousing of himself. Just lately his lazy serenity has been ruffled by one or two little disturbing incidents. One of them in particular is concerned with the charming girl he is engaged to—Sonia Markham.

His reflections are interrupted by the sound of voices. From within he sits low down in an armchair, Richard Chatterton cannot be seen. He recognises the voices of old Jardine and Montague. "Why doesn't Dick Chatterton go to the front?" old Jardine is saying.

"Dick's a slacker and always will be," replies Montague. "He's too good-natured to be in the trenches when he's got an armchair at home and an heiress with £20,000 a year waiting to marry him. He doesn't care two straws about her—it's only the money he's after. . . ." After a few more words they go out.

Richard Chatterton is staggered. Did they think he was afraid to go out? He had thought of doing so, he told himself. But he couldn't very well, as Sonia cared for him so much. About her—it's only the money he's after. . . . He is shaken with a variety of emotions. Finally, he goes off to Lady Merriam's, with whom Sonia is staying.

Sonia's pretty eyes look at him in a curious way. The only question she asks is for the latest news of the war. The story goes with her, she used to greet him as he came. For the first time Richard wonders if she, too, believes that he is marrying her for the money. There is a little scene between them. Ruffled and very angry, Richard leaves the house. He thinks of Montague; he will have it out with him. But Montague is not in, and Richard sits down to wait.

While he is waiting the telephone rings, and as no one answers he goes to see who it is. To his astonishment he hears Sonia speaking. "Francis," she says, "I'm going to do what you ask me. I saw Richard to-day, and he said to marry him. Be at the Franklyn's dance to-night. I'll come away with you and marry you as soon as you like."

At the dance, where Richard Chatterton attends, Sonia speaks to Montague about her telephone message. To her horror, he tells her that he never had her message. Instinctively, Sonia knows that it was Richard who had received the message. But when he comes to her, she is not in, and she is not in, and she is not in. Sonia, believing Montague's insinuations about him, breaks off her engagement with him.

Richard Chatterton appears from the circle of his friends, but old Jardine finds him. To his delight, Richard is dressed in khaki! The latter tells him that he is off to the front as soon as possible. Old Jardine is made to give his word that he will say nothing.

When walking one day Montague suddenly sees Chatterton in khaki. When he sees Sonia enter he not only keeps his head but his eyes, and he says that Richard has gone to America. Sonia becomes engaged to Montague.

One day old Jardine lets out to Lady Merriam that Richard had enlisted. They all go down to Burville, where an old friend of Sonia's calls—Bertie Courtney. He asks after Richard Chatterton.

MONTAGUE ARRIVES.

FOR a moment nobody answered. The smile of anticipation on old Jardine's face died; he looked at Jardine a little anxiously.

"What's the matter? There's nothing the matter with Chatterton, is there? Why don't you speak?"

Sonia forced a laugh. "There's nothing the matter—I believe he is on his way to America, that's all."

"America!" Young Courtney echoed the word blankly. He looked hard at the girl's averted face. Suddenly he caught her hand, forcing her round to meet his gaze.

"What's up, Sonia? You haven't quarrelled, have you? Why, you thought the world of him."

The words were blurted out with boyish tactlessness. Old Jardine turned away, the situation was altogether beyond him; it was Sonia who explained.

"We've agreed to differ, that's all," she said, trying to speak lightly. "I—I'm not engaged to him any longer."

Young Courtney was still holding her hand; he spread her slim fingers on his broad palm and looked at Montague's rival with a steady gaze.

"But—but you're still wearing this," he said, touching it lightly.

"Oh—oh!" said Sonia. The little exclamation sounded like a mother's cry of pain; she wrenched her hand free and ran from the room. Courtney stood staring after her blankly; when the door closed he swung round to where old Jardine stood rubbing his chin, very red in the face.

"What the deuce—" he began indignantly.

Old Jardine cut him short. "Tut, tut! Don't bluster, my boy! It's a very painful situation, very painful. Miss Markham broke her engagement with Chatterton and is now engaged to another man. . . ."

"What?" The boy's eyes were round with amazement. "Sonia engaged to another man? I don't believe it."

Old Jardine shrugged his shoulders. "But—but she thought the world of him only last summer. Courtney went on blankly. 'If ever a girl was dead nuts on a man she was on Dick, and now you say she's not only thrown him over, but has got engaged to someone else?'"

"She has—a man named Montague; he's coming down to-morrow, I believe."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" Young Courtney collapsed on to the nearest chair. "If this doesn't take the biscuit," he said blankly.

"It is—disgusting—most distressing," old Jardine admitted. "I take it that Dick Chatterton was a friend of yours?"

"Rather! The best fellow in the world!" The boy's voice was enthusiastic. "What's he gone to America for? I should have thought he'd have been at the front weeks ago. . . ."

"Ah—er—yes, but all thought so," said old Jardine lamely. "But the fact is—er. . . ." he rounded off helplessly.

Courtney frowned. "What's all the mystery about?" he demanded truculently. "Has Chatterton done anything disgraceful? Is he wanted by the police, anything like that?"

"No—no. . . ." "Well, then, what is it? And what does Sonia mean by throwing him up?"

Old Jardine paced the room in perplexity. Suddenly he turned and came back to where the boy sat staring before him with anger in his eyes.

"Look here, my lad," he said bluntly. "You may as well hear the truth from me, and done with it. I dare say I shall tell it better than most people, seeing that Dick's a favourite of mine. . . . The fact is, the fact is, Sonia's been running her head against a brick wall, so to speak. . . . Dick didn't rush off to join the colours, and she seems to have thought he ought to have done. Anyway, one or two fatigues and a few bodices made it their business to condemn him for it, and it got round to her. You know what women are—and it hurt her pride. She's patriotic to the backbone, is Sonia, and she couldn't tolerate being engaged to a slacker."

"Who's a slacker?" Old Jardine moved back a step. "I don't say that anybody is; but that is what people were saying about Chatterton. I was one of them myself, and very sorry I've been for it ever since. However, it's no use denying that there were a good many of us who would have called him a coward if we'd had the pluck."

"—well, the long and the short of it is, the engagement's off, and—and now they say that Dick's gone to America."

"And has he?" Old Jardine spread his hands deprecatingly. "Don't ask me. . . . I'm not his keeper."

Young Courtney sprang to his feet excitedly. "I'll bet you a fiver he hasn't; I'll bet you a fiver that he hasn't gone any further than France! I know what he is—there's nothing of the funk about him. If he didn't go when the war broke out, he'd got a jolly good reason. . . ."

He stopped, and went on again: "I say, it's the name of Sonia to have chuckled him, isn't it?"

Old Jardine did not answer, and young Courtney burst out again:—

"I don't care as a hang what people say; I don't care a hang what Sonia thinks. . . . Chatterton never funked!"

Old Jardine held out his hand. "Shake!" he said delightedly. "Shake. . . . I—er—that is to say. . . ."

He was more than relieved when Lady Merriam came to the door, he contented himself with whispering to Courtney not to mention Chatterton's name again.

"Not in the front of the ladies, any way," he added.

Old Jardine tried to persuade Courtney to stay to dinner, but he refused. He was a little flushed and angry-looking; it was not long before he rose to go.

"Wait and see," said Lady Merriam urged, but he refused almost rudely.

"Don't trouble her to come," he said gruffly. "I shall see her another time; I'm not going to town till Monday."

"Come to dinner to-morrow, then," Lady Merriam urged. "I'm sure Sonia will be pleased. . . . No—I won't take any refusal. I shall expect you at seven, and you needn't dress—er—don't bother to do Sunday."

Old Jardine followed the boy into the hall. "You mustn't take what I've told you too much to heart, you know," he said, a little anxiously. "Sonia is a charming girl—charming, and no doubt she had the very best reasons for."

"Women are all the same," young Courtney out in gloomily. All over you one day and the next you can go to the wall."

He walked away, thinking bitterly of the vicar's youngest daughter, who had given him the cold shoulder for the sake of a man in the Navy. "It's only the dashed uniform she likes!" he told himself as he let the long carriage gate slam rather unnecessarily. "Wait till I get mine—I'll show her!"

"A nice boy, that—very nice boy!" old Jardine said, when he went back to Lady Merriam. "He's a staunch friend! Furious when he heard that Sonia had thrown Chatterton over. I wouldn't like to answer for him when he meets Montague here to-morrow. . . ."

He chuckled, as if he anticipated something pleasant. "He knows Dick, then?"

"Known him for years by the way he talks; knew him when he lived here, before old Markham bought the place. Nice boy—very nice boy indeed!"

"Well, I hope he'll make himself agreeable to-morrow if he comes," said Lady Merriam briskly. "Goodness knows, we don't want long faces round the table. 'Pon my word, I'm beginning to feel quite depressed already. If things go on like this we shall all be rushing out with open arms to meet Montague when he comes!'"

But, as a matter of fact, nobody stirred from the fire when the wheels of the car that had been to the station to fetch him were heard in the drive the following afternoon.

It was a wretched day, pouring with rain, and cold.

"Sleep and eat—eat and sleep; that's all one can do," Lady Merriam said comfortably, as she snuggled down into the biggest chair she could find after lunch. "And don't wake me on any pretence whatever," she admonished Sonia.

"Dear me! church bells again! Do they have service to-day?"

She was asleep before anyone answered her, and Sonia went over to the window and looked out at the dripping garden.

There were great puddles at the sides of the well-kept drive, a few late chrysanthemums were weighed with wet to the ground; she turned away with a little shiver.

What must it be like in the trenches, she wondered; surely out there dangers and difficulties were of sufficient magnitude without their being added to by rain and mud—mud and rain. . . .

She looked from Lady Merriam to old Jardine, who was snoring in a chair on the opposite side of the fireplace, and a little smile crossed her face.

It seemed impossible that these two had once been young and romantic; impossible that old Jardine and even these very miserable indeed because Lady Merriam would have none of him. She had heard the story so many times from Lady Merriam's own lips, and her ladyship never failed to add—

"But Jardine was a fine looking man in those days, remember! I might have done worse; I might have done far worse." And then she would sigh with momentary sentimentality, and yawn, and wonder what there was for dinner.

"Some day I shall be middle-aged and fat, like she is," Sonia thought as she stood there, listening to the steady downpour of rain outside, and the unmusical snoring of old Jardine within.

"Some day I shall be quite satisfied to sit by the fire and have forty winks, and let my daughter amuse herself as I am supposed to be doing now."

She looked again at old Jardine, or at least at the much older man as she could see, for the huge silk handkerchief spread over his face almost entirely covered head and shoulders as well; and she wondered, with a little twinge of dismay, what if anyone—

She was sitting opposite her in the chair on the other side of the fire when she was Lady Merriam's age.

"OFF TO FRANCE!"

MONTAGUE! . . . She tried hard to imagine him as an old, middle-aged man, but it seemed so impossible; she tried hard to think of him as her husband, and that seemed more impossible still!

And yet she was going to marry him. She had made up her mind to do so. No doubt in time she would grow to love him as a woman should love the man she marries; and then—and then she heard the sound of the motor horn in the distance, and knew that Montague was already here.

Old Jardine roused in his chair a little and half sat up as a bell pealed through the house. Sonia stood irresolute.

She did not want to go into the hall to meet Montague, but even that would surely be preferable to receiving him here in front of other people.

She knew she could not tolerate being kissed beneath the kindly-quizzical eyes of old Jardine. She went swiftly into the hall.

(Continued on page 13.)

Free to Mothers.

Every mother interested in the healthy rearing of infants is strongly advised to write for a free copy of "Our Babies." This valuable 44-page book is full of useful hints; it also explains why DR. RIDGE'S FOOD is the cheapest, best and most reliable Food for baby. Send a postcard now and receive a copy by return of post. Address Desk D.M., Ridge's Royal Food Mills, London, N.

TASTY WAR DINNERS

You can make scores of dishes far more tempting and tasty with Edwards' Soup. When boiling rabbit, add a packet of E.D.S. When making mince, the addition of a packet of E.D.S. makes the mince go very much further. Add a little E.D.S. to the gravy of your Sunday joint. Add Edwards' to your stock—it gives just the flavour that is needed.

"Edwards" improves the taste of every dish—and it only costs a penny a packet.

Some other suggestions:

London Stew.—Fry, in a spoonful of hot dripping, a chopped onion until brown. Then stir in a little flour and a packet of Edwards' Dessicated Thrown Soup. Season with salt and pepper and add two or three cupsful of hot water. Add two pennyworth of beef or pork cuttings, and gently cook about half-an-hour. Make some dumplings with a cupful of flour and half that quantity of chopped suet. Add some mixed herbs to flavour, and stir in enough water to make a stiff dough. This quantity will make at least twelve dumplings. Cook for another twenty minutes before serving on a very hot dish.

Note.—Dumplings and gravy or soup are excellent for growing children. With vegetables, this is a more wholesome and nourishing dinner than meat or pastry.

Pea Soup.—Overnight soak a pennyworth of split peas in cold water. Wash them in plenty of cold water before using. Put in a large saucepan with a ham bone or some bacon rind. Add two packets of Edwards' Dessicated White Soup, two pennyworth of mixed vegetables (chopped), pepper, salt and two quarts of water. Cook for two or three hours, stirring occasionally. If necessary, thicken before serving. If mint is liked, add a little before sending to table. The addition of a small piece of salt pork or bacon will provide a meat dish to be served with this dinner, and greatly improves the flavour of all soups made with dried vegetables.

CUT THIS OUT

The above recipes have been specially prepared by Miss B. H. Edwards, C.A., author of "Simple Cookery," "Tested Recipes," etc., etc.

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THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

London Early Rising.

London surely wakes up, or gets up, earlier in these days than it did in the piping times of golf and other frivolous occupations. I happened to be in the West End yesterday morning at an hour when, as a rule, the streets are hardly aired, and life and activity prevailed everywhere.

Drilling at Devonshire House.

I suppose it is the military spirit pervading civilian life. One gets used to seeing soldiers in the oddest of places nowadays. In the courtyard of Devonshire House, for instance. When I passed there yesterday that familiar stretch of gravel was a drill ground, and a squad of recruits were being put through it by a leather-lunged drill sergeant.

A Quiet Mishap.

One of the quietest accidents I have ever seen happened in Great Cumberland-place while I was passing. A horseman who had been riding in the Park was leisurely walking his mount back to stables when the animal made a slip and, to my astonishment, quietly rolled over on its side.

Neat Enough To Have Been Rehearsed.

The rider dismounted very deftly as the horse's body touched the ground. The accident, which might have had serious consequences, happened in such a graceful manner that it might have been rehearsed. The rider smilingly walked to the kerb to inspect his horse's shoes, was congratulated by two ladies on his good fortune, got the horse to its feet again and passed on.

A Veteran Admiral.

That grand old sailor, Sir Algernon Henegage, is eighty-two this week. Something of a dandy, the veteran Admiral is always immaculately attired, and he has been an immense social favourite. Until a few years ago Sir Algernon was a most energetic dancing man, and much in request by hostesses who wanted to make their dances a success.



Sir Algernon Henegage.

The sea was swarming with sharks, and Commander Henegage was immaculate, as usual, even to kid gloves, but he did not hesitate. Unbuckling his sword, he dived, rescued the boy, and returned to read his commission at the capstan in dripping clothes.

Fine Service.

Sir Algernon first saw service in the Burma war of 1881-2, when he served in the old Hastings. Two years later he was fighting again in the Baltic, and in 1885 he was in the Black Sea, and from then until he retired in 1894 he was in most of the fighting that was going on.

Miss Terry Progressing.

I hear that Miss Ellen Terry is progressing very favourably after the severe operation to her eyes which she recently had to undergo in New York. Her daughter, Miss Edith Craig, had a letter from her last week. Miss Terry had dictated it in the hospital, where she is still lying.

A Sad Birthday.

Another trial awaits her this week, and then after a week of bandaged eyes she hopes to be free. She feels the irksomeness of lying in bed and the complete inaction very severely, and there is true pathos in her very severely, and there is true pathos in her mention of her birthday, which occurred last week. "Quantities of flowers were sent to me," she says, "but I could only smell them!"

Daffodil Catarrh.

Have you had daffodil catarrh yet? It is about. With the coming of the spring flowers daffodil catarrh always makes its appearance. It is very much like hay fever, and a most distressing malady, but if you deny yourselves the pretty spring blooms in your rooms you will soon be cured. It is their pollen that is the cause.

The Alhambra's Beautiful Twins.

I was introduced yesterday to the Misses Lilian and Norah Caldicott, the beautiful twin sisters who are appearing in "5064 Gerrard," the new Alhambra revue. Seemingly, being a twin, if I may so express it, has both its advantages and disadvantages. Thus, at a voice trial recently at which her



The Misses Lilian and Norah Caldicott.

sister Norah was prevented from attending through a cold, Miss Lilian Caldicott, posing as sister Norah, duly appeared, sang sister Norah's song and was engaged without the management of the theatre in question suspecting for an instant that Lilian wasn't Norah.

Can You Tell the Difference?

Above is a photograph taken yesterday of the Caldicott twins. If possible, they are more alike in real life than they are in the photograph. Miss Lilian Caldicott is on the left and Miss Norah Caldicott on the right. If, however, they were to change places, so exactly alike are they, it would be quite impossible to detect that the change had taken place.

Relations Can't Tell.

Even their own relations can't tell one from the other, and they frankly confess that when affectionate uncles and aunts pay them a visit Norah is often embraced for Lilian and vice versa. When you see them in the new Alhambra revue, if you can tell one from the other you may safely congratulate yourself on the possession of the most wonderful powers of detection.

Whose Photograph Is This?

Can you recognise this photograph? It is one of three of the same lady contained in a much-worn pocket-case found in a British Red Cross ambulance at Boulogne. The driver sent the case to me with a letter in which he says: "It evidently belonged to one of the wounded soldiers who travelled in the ambulance."



Who is this?

by publishing a copy of one of the photographs you may be able to trace the owner and send it to him."

Awaiting an Owner.

I have the case here, and I shall be glad to forward it to the owner, if he will send me some proof that the photographs are his. There is a name written on the back of each photograph.

Every Convenience.

The more I hear of this amazing and many-sided war, the more bewildering it becomes. This week-end I learnt that officers in the trenches, now that things are settling down a bit, are calmly sending their washing home to London. They send it off once a week, and receive in return a neat little parcel of clean linen. The war, you know, is very much nearer than you really think.

A Coming Sight of London.

I passed through a London street yesterday afternoon that will soon be one of the sights of London. I have watched it grow for the past couple of years, and it is now certainly one of the most picturesque streets in town. Soon it will be the most picturesque. It is called Mulberry-walk, and it is in Chelsea.

Chains and Posts.

Mulberry-walk is a little backwater of new houses; some are yet unfinished, but each house is a gem in its way. Built in old-world styles, they look; but for the brand newness of the bricks, like old houses in some cathedral town byway. White posts and chains divide some of the houses from the pavement, and between the chains and the houses stonecrop and other rockery plants grow.

Mulberry Trees to Grow There.

But soon Mulberry-walk is to be really a mulberry walk. Permission has been obtained to plant mulberry trees in the roadway, and the famous mulberry trees of Chelsea—there are scores there now, the relics of a century and a half old experiment in silk-worm farming—will be augmented.

In the Guide Books Soon.

Several well-known people live in this quiet little picture street. Mr. H. J. Dickens, K.C., has a house there, and artists particularly are drawn to it. Mulberry-walk is not easy to find, but I prophesy that before long it will find a place in the guide books.

Melba Coming to England.

Mme. Melba will be back in England next month. She has been in Australia since the war broke out, and she has raised large sums of money there for war relief funds; but she wants more work to do, so she is leaving her beautiful home in Victoria to come to England and give her wonderful voice for the benefit of the Red Cross funds.



Mme. Melba.

Melba and Melbourne.

Mme. Melba was born in Australia, the daughter of a Scotsman named Mitchell. But through her mother she inherits Spanish blood. She spent her early life in Melbourne, a city the name of which is perpetuated in part in the professional name of the famous prima donna.

Paris is "Reviving," Too.

"As in London, so in Paris, the theatrical world is living on revivals," writes a friend in the once Gay City. "Such good old favourites as 'La Fille du Régiment,' 'Le Dépit Amoureux,' 'La Vie de Bohème,' 'La Flamme' and 'Le Cœur et la Main' are now the chief attractions offered to a public which has not much heart for the theatre while the invader remains on French territory."

Help for Poles.

M. Paderewski, the famous pianist, was here the other day in a new rôle—that of chairman at a meeting called to help his Polish countrymen who have been ruined by the war. He says 17,000,000 Poles are suffering from the horrors of war, and that 120 towns and 400 villages in Russian Poland have been destroyed. Ten million people are dependent on charity for food and shelter."

Agnes, the Rolling Stone.

If you go to Tunbridge Wells, beware of a lady whom officers call "Agnes," the rolling stone. "This old dame generally carries a basket of moss—hence her name. Her favourite device is to tell young officers that she "used to know their parents" and coax coin from them on the strength of it.

Defeat and Retreat.

She came off badly with a certain innocent-looking subaltern the other day. "How long is it since you knew my father and mother?" he inquired. "Twelve years." "But they've been in Heaven for twenty." And Agnes retired, using much naughty language.

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SALE OF SERBIAN WAR-RELICS.



Arranging the wonderful collection of war trophies from the battlefields of Serbia, which were sold in London yesterday. The pieces were abandoned by the Austrians during their retreat. Prince Alexis is devoting the profits to the aid of the Red Cross work in Serbia.

RICHARD CHATTERTON, V.C.

A Romance of Love and Honour.

By RUBY M. AYRES.

(Continued from page 11.)

Montague had just entered. He was followed by a servant carrying his travelling coat and suitcase. His rather sombre face cleared when he saw Sonia.

"I hoped you would have been at the station . . . are you quite well, sweetheart?" He took her hand, but Sonia was thankful that the presence of the servants prevented further demonstration.

"Quite well—but lazy!" she told him smiling. "Mr. Jardine and Lady Merriam are both asleep. Isn't it an awful day?" He shrugged his shoulders distastefully. "I say, Sonia, I hope you won't expect me to live down here in the winter; I couldn't exist in the country with weather like this."

A little resentful flush tinged her cheeks; she drew her hand away.

"We needn't discuss that now, need we?" she said lightly; she walked back into the library.

Old Jardine was wide awake now; he rose from his chair rather reluctantly to shake hands. Lady Merriam never stirred, though to a close observer it would have been apparent that her eyes were rather too tightly closed to be natural. After a few moments' desultory conversation Montague went off to his room; Sonia sat down on a low stool beside old Jardine.

There was something almost apologetic in her bearing; she was horribly conscious of what he must be thinking . . .

Such a little while ago that he had played gooseberry to her and another man; and now . . .

Lady Merriam sat up. "I was awake all the time," she said tartly, meeting Sonia's surprised gaze. "By the way, did I tell you that I asked young Courtenay to dinner to-night?"

"No . . ." But Sonia's voice sounded relieved rather than annoyed. "And is he coming?"

"He wouldn't say definitely, but I think he will . . ."

And an hour or two later, when Sonia came down to the drawing-room, she found Courtenay there waiting.

His manner was a little stiff as he greeted her, his face a little red, but he gripped her hand with bear-like affection.

"I thought I'd come; hope you don't mind," he said awkwardly.

"I'm very pleased; you ought to know that," she answered. She looked at him with timid appeal. "Of course, you're angry with me about—about Mr. Chatterton, aren't you, Bertie?"

His boy's face softened. "Oh, Sonia, he was such a ripping fine chap!" he said, almost mournfully.

She looked away from him.

"You don't understand," she said, a little breathlessly, "and I can't explain. You see . . ."

Montague walked into the room.

He had scrambled through his toilet, hoping to get a few moments alone with Sonia. He had not kissed her yet. Old Jardine had not given him the least chance. His eager face grew a little sullen when he saw Courtenay. He acknowledged Sonia's introduction rather curiously. The two men eyed each other with veiled antagonism.

It was perfectly clear to Courtenay that this was the man whom he had made up his mind to hate. How the Dickens could Sonia prefer him to Dick Chatterton? he asked himself.

Hang it all, the chap limped, and . . . Courtenay felt a little ashamed of himself for the thought. He turned to Montague rather more pleasantly.

"Been to the front?" he asked.

Montague shook his head.

"No—unfortunately," He smiled, meeting the sympathy in Sonia's eyes.

Young Courtenay fidgeted.

"I only thought—being lame—you know—" he explained awkwardly.

"No—it was due to an accident; the very week the war broke out! Rotten luck, wasn't it?"

The boy made no answer; there was an awkward pause; suddenly—

"What do you think about the war?" he asked abruptly, with an evident attempt at making conversation. "Is it going to be over by Easter?"

Montague shrugged his shoulders.

"Doubtful—extremely doubtful. I should imagine. From all accounts we are still pouring men into France. There'll be some tough fighting when the fine weather comes."

"Wish I'd had the luck to go. They wouldn't take me, but I'm having another shot at it to-morrow. A friend of mine—chap in a battalion attached to the Guards—is off to France on Wednesday. He's hardly had any training; except in a volunteer corps two or three years ago, but you'd hardly think that enough, would you?"

"Lucky beggar—I'd give something to be with him . . ."

"Who's a lucky beggar?" inquired old Jardine at the door.

He came into the room very smiling and picturesque; he was wearing a velvet dinner jacket which Sonia always particularly admired.

He joined the little group on the hearthrug.

"Who's a lucky beggar?" he asked again.

"Friend of mine in the Guards," Courtenay explained. "Only joined a week or so back, and they're off to France on Wednesday."

"What!" the exclamation escaped old Jardine sharply; the smile had faded on his cheery face.

"Off to the front—what battalion?"

"I believe it's the third. I'm not sure, though." He looked at the old man interestedly.

"Know anyone in it?" he asked.

But old Jardine did not answer; he was thinking of Chatterton as he had last seen him on the platform at Victoria; as he had looked when he pressed the little packet for Sonia into his hands . . . how he had said: "In case we should go—of course, we may not—but if we should—and I never come back."

And now he was going, perhaps to meet his death, and Sonia did not know—Sonia still believed him a coward. . . .

There will be another splendid instalment to-morrow.

LAST NIGHT'S BOXING.

In a fifteen rounds eliminating contest for the feather-weight championship at the National Sporting Club last night Lew Edwards, of Porth, beat Fred Blakeborough, of Bradford, Blakeborough's seconds gave in for him in the eleventh round. At the Ring, over twenty rounds, Billy Williams beat the Dixie Kid on points.

Major-General Sir Francis Lloyd, commanding London district, says last night's Gazette, is to be colonel of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, in succession to the late Major-General Sir Luke O'Connor.



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A "Blackhead" Secret.

An instantaneous remedy for blackheads, oily skin and enlarged pores.

Blackheads, oily skins and enlarged pores usually go together, but can be instantly corrected by a unique new process. A tablet of stymol, obtained from the chemist, is dropped in a tumbler of hot water which will then of course "fizz" briskly. When the effervescence has subsided the face is bathed with the stymol-charged water and then dried with a towel. The offending blackheads, of their own accord, come right off on the towel, the large oily pores immediately contract and efface themselves naturally. There is no squeezing, forcing or any drastic action. The skin is left uninjured, smooth, soft and cool. A few such treatments should be taken at intervals of three or four days thereafter in order to ensure the permanence of the pleasing result so quickly obtained.

Grey Hair—Home Remedy.

An old-fashioned home-made recipe restores youthful appearance.

There are plenty of reasons why grey hair is not desirable and plenty of reasons why hair dyes should not be used. But, on the other hand, there is no reason why you should have grey hair if you do not want it. To turn the hair back to a natural colour is really a very simple matter. One has only to get from the chemist an ounce of concentrate of tannalite and mix it with four ounces of bay rum. Apply to the hair with a small sponge for a few nights and the greyness will gradually disappear. This liquid is not sticky or greasy and does not injure the hair in any way. It has been used for generations with most satisfactory results by those who have known the formula.

To Kill Roots of Superfluous Hair.

"Home Science."

Women annoyed with disfiguring growths of superfluous hair wish to know not merely how to temporarily remove the hair, but how to kill the hair roots permanently. For this purpose pure powdered phenol may be applied directly to the objectionable hair growth. The recommended treatment is designed not only to instantly remove the hair, but also to actually kill the roots, so that the growth will not return. About an ounce of phenol, obtainable from the chemist, should be sufficient.

The Real Cause of Most Bad Complexions.

"Health and Beauty."

It is an accepted fact that no truly beautiful complexion ever came out of jars and bottles, and the longer one uses cosmetics the worse the complexion becomes. Skin, to be healthy, must breathe. It also must expel, through the pores, its share of the body's effete material. Creams and powders clog the pores, interfering both with elimination and breathing. If more women understood this there would be fewer self-ruined complexions. If they would use ordinary mercised wax instead of cosmetics they would have natural healthy complexions.

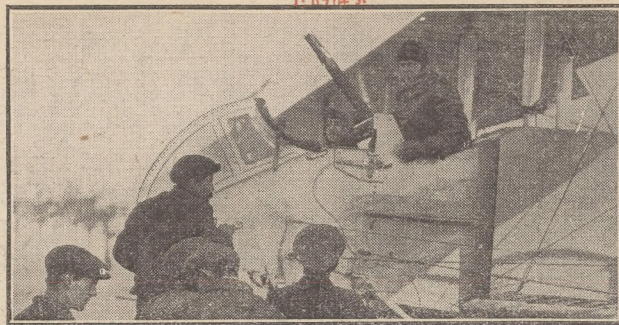
About Hair Tonics.

"Novel Recipes."

Each week almost one hears of some wonderful discovery for improving the hair, and, although this paragraph may seem a little superfluous, an old-fashioned recipe may come as a welcome change. One thing about it is that it will grow hair, and also prevent it falling out. From your chemist get an original package of boranum, to add 4-pint of bay rum, allow it to stand 30 minutes, then add sufficient water to make half a pint. Rub briskly into the scalp with the finger-tips and you will immediately experience that clean tingling sensation which is a sure sign of healthy action.

PARKER BELMONT'S CLYNOL PERRIES FOR OBESITY.—(Adv.)

BRITISH AIRMEN ARE VERY BUSY.



Airmen just starting on a flight receive the necessary implements from their mechanics. The British pilots have been displaying great activity recently.

NEWS ITEMS.

Prince's Fund Nearing £5,000,000.

The National Relief Fund yesterday reached the sum of £4,816,000.

Late Chief Whip Leaves £105,000.

Mr. Percy Holden Illingworth, the late Chief Whip, left £105,018.

Destroying Wrecked Zeppelin's Bombs.

Two Danish officers visited the Island of Fanoe yesterday, says the Exchange, to destroy the bombs left by the wrecked Zeppelin L.3.

Two Giant Eggs.

A hen belonging to Mr. W. J. Lillyman, of Kestering, recently laid two eggs weighing 3oz. 11dms. and 3oz. respectively.

Bayonet Sold for £100.

An Austrian bayonet at the opening of a sale in London yesterday of war relics brought by Prince Alexis of Serbia from Serbian battlefields was sold for £100.

Almost a Home from Home.

Of a man summoned at Willesden yesterday for refusing to pay his taxicab fare it was stated that he stayed two days in the cab. The meter registered £3 14s. and he was ordered to pay this sum and costs.

Bridegroom's Death in Battle.

The death in action was reported of Lieutenant Cyril Austin (Artists' Rifles), a member of Reuter's staff, who came home on a flying visit a fortnight ago to marry Miss Margaret Russell, of Gosmore, Herts.

Frontiersmen's Football Match.

A football match which, it is hoped, will encourage recruiting takes place this afternoon on the Fulham Football Club ground between A and B companies of the 25th (Frontiersmen) Royal Fusiliers. Admission is free.

It is officially announced that there will be no match at Lord's this year between Eton and Harrow. In a First League match, at Tottenham yesterday, the Spurs and Manchester City drew at 2 goals each. In the Midland League, Sheffield United Reserves beat Bradford Reserves by 3 goals to 0.



"How can you do this Special Constable work when you know that whenever you get your feet wet you get the Rheumatics?"

Not now that I have taken to using CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH. Look, the water runs off my foot!"

YESTERDAY'S RACING.

Lincolnshire Candidate's Easy Victory Over Hurdles at Wolverhampton.

The outstanding feature of yesterday's racing at Wolverhampton was the victory of By George! in the Maidrail Hurdle. This Lincolnshire candidate was making his second appearance over hurdles, and he won very easily from Redwood and Whifflet. By George! has 7st. 11lb. to carry in the Lincolnshire, and if he has retained any of his two-year-old smartness he should make a very bold show in the first big race of the season. It may be remembered that he was one of the favourites for the Newmarket Cup last season, but his chance was destroyed at the starting gate.

Naturally, By George! was a firm favourite yesterday, and to the general satisfaction well-backed horses won a majority of the minor races. Airla scored on a fine treble—Comfort, Yonder, and Ton Hole. To-day there is racing at Wolverhampton and Wre, for which selections are appended—

WOLVERHAMPTON.

3.0.—CELESTITY.
2.30.—BYZLAR.
5.0.—SENSITIVE.
3.30.—GIDVAIN.
4.0.—FIRST MOKE.
4.30.—FORTUNE BAY.

WYE.

2.0.—TOBBER.
2.30.—BEAUMANOR.
3.0.—STEARMAN.
3.30.—GEORGE B.
4.0.—CULVERT.
4.30.—COMO.

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*CELESTITY and FIRST MOKE. BOUVIERIE.

WOLVERHAMPTON RETURNS.

2.0.—Stayers' Hurdle. 5m.—Phidias (11-10, Pigott), 1; Ciochenn (6-4), 2; Concor (100-8), 3. 4 ran.
4.30.—Stanton Chase. 2m.—Comfort (10-11, Avila), 1; Victor Polaris (2-1), 2; John Richmond (7-1), 3. 4 ran.
5.0.—Maiden Hurdle. 2m.—By George (evens, Hawkins), 1; Redwood (9-2), 2; Oppiger (3-1), 3. 5 ran.
3.30.—Dudley Hurdle. 2m.—Little Turtle (6-4, Road), 1; Lady Farman (evens), 2; Razel (20-1), 3. 5 ran.
4.0.—Tally Ho Chase. 3m.—Yonder (9-4, Avila), 1; Zanig (10-1), 2; Sweet Rahangan (10-1), 3. 9 ran.
4.30.—Kilnet Chase. 2m.—Top Hole (2-1, Avila), 1; Crystal Gazer (5-2), 2; Sabaria (8-1), 3. 5 ran.

LATEST LONDON BETTING.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—100-11 Outram (t, o), 100-8 View Law and Polystrates (o), 100-7 Lord Annandale (o), 100-8 Irish Chief and By George (t, o), 20-1 Guineas and Wrack (t, o), 25-1 Mount William (t, o).
GRAND NATIONAL.—1-1 Balcaddon's Flight (t, o), 100-7 Ally Sloper (t, o), 20-1 Balcaddon and Denis Auburn (t, o).

BRANDY TO CURE CATARRH.

Recent experiments have proved conclusively that catarrh is a constitutional disease, and that salves, sprays, inhalers, etc., merely temporise with the disease, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. This being so, much time and money has been spent of late by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic that would dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The result is given in the following formula, which has been found to produce the most surprising results in an incredibly short time.

From your chemist obtain 1oz. of Parment (Double Strength), about 2s. 6d. worth. Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and two tablespoonfuls of brandy and 4oz. of moist or granulated sugar. Stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day.

The first dose promptly ends the most miserable headache, dullness, sneezing, sore throat, running of the nose, catarrhal discharges, and other loathsome symptoms that always accompany this disgusting disease.

Loss of smell, defective hearing, and mucus dropping in the back of the throat are other symptoms that show the presence of catarrh, and which are quickly overcome by the use of this simple treatment.

Every person who has catarrh in any form should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better.—(Adv.)

ARE YOU WASTING MONEY ON BOOT POLISH?

You can save money and get a better result by using Day and Martin's Giant 1d. Tin, which is about twice the size of most other makes at the same price. You can save wasting polish by using the Economic Disc, which lets out just as much polish as you want and no more. And have you seen the new invention, "The Tin with the Tab"? You just pull the tab outwards and upwards and loose the lid. Patent applied for and provisionally granted. Send 1d. stamp for the "Economic Disc," or 2 stamps for Disc and a "Tin of Polish with the Tab," to Day and Martin, Ltd., Daymar Works, Carpenters-road, Stratford, London, E.—(Adv.)



Whether your hair is black or brown or golden, it will always be attractive if you keep it clean and bright. You cannot always be washing it, of course, but in between the wet shampoos you can dry shampoo it with Icilma Hair Powder. Just give it a light dust-over with the powder and a thorough brushing. That's all. No wetting—no trouble—no risk of any sort. The dust and excess of oils which dull and deaden its natural beauty will all come away in the brushing.

Icilma

Hair Powder

The only dry shampoo that readily brushes out.

2s. per packet, 7 packets 1s., large size 16s.
Icilmia is pronounced Ee-Silma.

FREE TEST

On receipt of 2d. in stamps to pay cost of postage and packing, we will send an Icilmia Toilet Outfit, containing full-size 2d. packet of Icilmia Hair Powder, a full supply of non-greasy Icilmia Cream, full-size 2d. Icilmia Shampoo Sachet, supply of Icilmia Nail Powder, and a copy of the popular Icilmia Beauty Book—Icilmia Co. Ltd. (Dept. B), 57, 58, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.

INDIAN "LUCKY STONE" FREE.

Do you want to change your luck? Do you want to be fortunate in life, successful in business, and to have everything come your way? If so, you should possess my real Indian "Lucky Stone," which has brought good luck and happiness to thousands. I am now offering free of charge these mysterious, beautiful and lucky stones from Ceylon. I am giving away a limited number. Write to-day, enclosing stamp for booklet about the "Lucky Stone," containing letters from people who possess them, together with free offer.

RICHARD S. FIELD
(Dept. 1), 58, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON.

WHAT TO TAKE AND THE COST.

These prescriptions are dispensed and supplied in the British Isles (post)

plied at the prices named, post free in the

Hare and Pleasant, 38, 6d.; all carriage parts and
trussed.—Frost's Stores, Ltd., 279 and 281, Edgware-road
London, W.

THE GREAT SUNDAY NEWSPAPER SUCCESS, THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL"

ORDER No. 2 of the "Sunday Pictorial," the New Sunday Picture Newspaper
: : in Advance. : :

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

"THE particularly brilliant first number of our new contemporary, the 'Sunday Pictorial.'" : : "Daily Mail."

THE YOUNG OFFICER HAS TO LEARN HIS BUSINESS JUST LIKE A "TOMMY."

9.327 X



Like the ordinary "Tommy," the newly-joined subaltern has to go through the elementary drills, from "foot slogging" to learning the use of the rifle. The teachers are "non-coms," who do not hesitate to "slate" their superiors if things are not done

exactly to their liking, for sergeants are an autocratic race. The pictures show rifle inspection (the weapons have to be bright and clean) and men learning the first principles of aiming.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

THE HORSE, LIKE THE SOLDIER, GETS USED TO WAR AND SHELL FIRE.

9.1194 B



Naturally, horses are very frightened when they get their baptism of fire, but after a time they become as seasoned as the soldiers, and think nothing of it. These animals, which are tethered in a field, are as calm and as placid as though in their own stables

at home. And this despite the fact that a German shell is bursting overhead, while an armoured train, which is belching forth death, can be seen passing within a few feet of them.